

# The Mirror

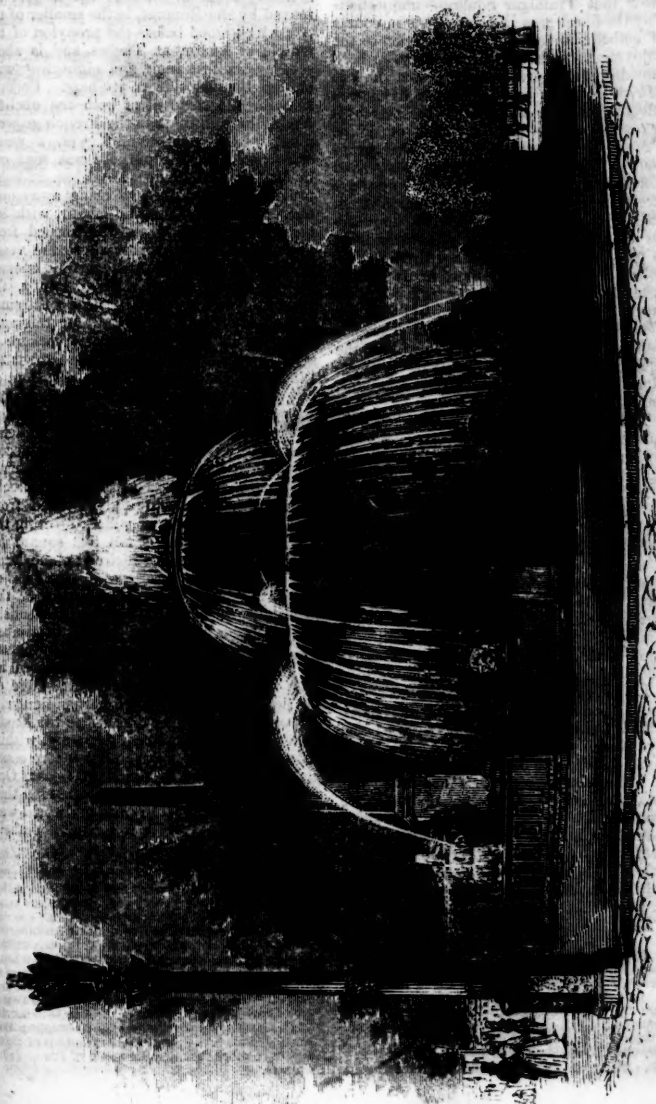
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1058.]

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1841.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

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### THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

"There is a new Fountain in the Place Louis Quinze, otherwise called the Place Louis Seize, or else the Place de la Revolution, or else the Place de la Concorde, (who can say why?)"  
*Paris Sketch-book*, vol. i., p. 59.

Now that Trafalgar Square—unquestionably the finest area in London—is in course of embellishment, and appropriation to the enjoyment of the people, it may be both amusing and instructive to glance in *The Mirror* at what our neighbours have been effecting upon a similar site in their own *métropole ornée*—the dear city of Paris. True it is, that in the French capital, grandeur is more common than consistency, and blended with magnificent buildings are streets which, owing to their narrowness, insignificance, and filth, would be disgraceful to any city: but these objections may, in part, be extended to the British metropolis; and taken altogether, in decorative taste, London is eclipsed by Paris. This superiority is especially evident in the *Places* of the French capital, which are not commonly occupied by gardens, like the Squares of London; but some of them are adorned with columns, statues, fountains, and other decorations.

The largest of the Parisian *Places*, or squares, is that of Louis XV., or La Concorde; which, lying between the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, instead of forming an interruption, seems to prolong the dependencies of the palace. The objects which surround this *Place* are strikingly beautiful: the terraces of the Garden of the Tuileries bound it on the east; the Champs Elysées lie on the west; on the north are seen two spacious and magnificent edifices, divided by the Rue Royale, (ninety feet wide,) through which you enjoy a view of the superb church de la Madeleine; and to the south are the bridge of Louis XVI., and the Chamber of Deputies. Along the left bank of the Seine extends a line of commanding edifices; and beyond the Chamber of Deputies appears the splendid dome of the Invalides. With all these advantages, the *Place* itself has been strangely neglected, and its entire appropriation has been protracted through a lapse of eighty years; from the commencement of its decoration, after the designs of Gabriel, in 1763, to its recent elaborate embellishment, under the direction of M. Hittorf.

The *Place de la Concorde*\* extends about

\* The changes in the name of this place, so humorously satirized in the epigraph from Mr. Titmarsh's *Paris Sketch Book*, are worth recording. Its first name, *Louis XV.*, bespeaks the sovereign by whom the site was presented to the municipality, and an equestrian statue of whom, in bronze, adorned the centre until August 15, 1793, when it was destroyed by the revolutionary mob. This statue was succeeded by a monstrous

1200 feet north and south, between the Garde Meuble and Rue Royale, and the Seine; in the centre of which is placed the celebrated Luxor Obelisk, the erection of which was conducted by M. Lebas, Ingenieur de la Marine. This obelisk, which is nearly equal to some of the largest removed by the Romans, is the smaller of the two which stood before the propylon of the temple at Luxor, at Thebes, and is about seventy-six feet high, and eight feet wide on the broader side of its base. Permission for the removal of both the obelisks having been granted to the French government by the viceroy of Egypt, a vessel constructed for the purpose was sent out, in March, 1831, under M. Lebas, it being previously determined to bring away only one. After three months' labour, with 800 men, an inclined plane was formed from the obelisk to the river where the vessel lay; and having been first carefully encased by planks, to secure it from injury, the monolith was lowered by nearly the same process afterwards employed for raising it again on its pedestal at Paris; where it safely arrived, up the Seine, December 23, 1833, and was deposited near the Pont de la Concorde. Nearly three years, however, elapsed before it was elevated in the centre of the *Place de la Concorde*, which delay was partly occasioned by its being necessary first to construct a pedestal of as massive materials as could be procured. Blocks of granite were accordingly fetched from Brittany, the largest of which, forming the die of the pedestal, is ten feet square by sixteen in height. An inclined plane, leading from the river up to a platform of rough masonry level with the top of the pedestal, was then formed, and the obelisk, having been placed on a kind of timber car, or sledge, was dragged up by means of ropes and capstans. One edge of its base having been brought to the edge of the pedestal, it was reared perpendicularly by ropes and pulleys attached to the heads of ten masts, five on each side; and within about three hours the operations were completed, under the direction of Lebas, October 25, 1836. The cost of removing this interesting relic of the antique world was very great; but it is a splendid embellishment.

figure of Liberty, in plaster, at the feet of which, from Jan. 31, 1793, to May 3, 1795, were murdered upwards of 2800 persons. Every party and every faction, by turns, conducted others and were themselves conducted to the scaffold erected on this *Place*; among the victims were Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Henceforth the site was more appropriately called *Place de la Revolution*, until the year 1800, when, upon a decree being issued for the erection of a departmental column in the centre, it assumed the name of *Place de la Concorde*. In 1814, the name *Place Louis XV.* was restored; and in 1816 Louis XVIII. issued an ordinance for re-erecting the statue of Louis XV. Since the Revolution of 1830, it has once more resumed the name of *Place de la Concorde*.

ishment, it being one of the most perfect obelisks that exist; it is formed, as usual, of the red granite of Syene.\*

This antique monument, shewn in the left hand distance of the Engraving, forms, however, little more than a central point in comparison with the numerous objects that surround it. A spacious avenue leads from the Rue Royale to the Pont Louis XVI., having two fountains, one on the side next the above-mentioned street, the other on that towards the bridge; the former occupying the foreground of our Engraving. This fountain is upwards of twenty-two feet in height, and consists of two elevated *vasques*, or *tazze*. The upper one is supported by three genii, with festoons of foliage between them, beneath which are three swans spouting forth water. The lower *vasque* is sustained by six draped allegorical figures, standing on the prows of vessels that appear immersed in the water received into the larger basin at the foot of the fountain. Between these figures are as many dolphins, which, like the swans above, spout forth water. In addition to these are six other large figures in the basin, of Nereides and Tritons, each of whom bears a large fish, from whose mouth water is thrown into the first or larger *vasque*; so that, altogether, there are fifteen statues, besides swans, dolphins, and other sculpture to each fountain, all cast in metal. The wall of the lower basin is of neat architectural design.

"Even one such fountain would be considered a splendid undertaking in this country, and quite sufficient of itself, without any accessories;" what, then, will be thought, when we add, that the *Place* is also embellished with superb rostral columns and candelabra cast in metal, partly bronzed and partly gilt, the bronze colour serving as a ground to the gilding on the ornamental parts; and the columns, as well as the candelabra, are lit at night with gas. One of the candelabra is distinctly shewn in the left-hand foreground of the Engraving; and one of the rostral columns is seen in the right-hand distance. On particular occasions and rejoicings, the ball on the summit of each rostral column has eight gas-lights, and gas issues from the projecting prows of the shaft. The model alone for the columns is stated to have cost 27,000 francs, whence it may be supposed the design is exceedingly rich, as is also

that of the candelabra. The whole place exhibits a complete illumination every night, and the effect is remarkably gay, not only on account of the brilliant display of light, but of the mode in which it is applied, and the objects shewn by it. The improvements are not confined to the above described embellishments; for the *chaussées*, or walks, intersecting the *Place*, have *trottoirs* of granite, and the ground enclosed by the *fossées* is laid out in grass plots, parterres, and low ornamental shrubberies, so as not to screen any part of the general plan.

In the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*, February, 1838, the Editor observes: "We are of opinion that something of a similar plan (to that of the embellishment of the *Place de la Concorde*, then in progress,) would be very suitable for Trafalgar Square;" and, although the pedestal of Mr. Railton's column is rising above the hoard, it may not be too late to take a hint from the Parisian artists. All chance of the Nelson column as a central object is, of course, lost; but, a fountain, like that at Paris, would be a superb substitute; or say, a pair of fountains, with architectural enclosures. Our excellent monarch, William the Fourth, in the homeliness of his heart, is said to have declared for converting Trafalgar Square into a tea-garden, for the enjoyment of his people; and, although the taste of the suggestion is questionable, the spirit in which it was dictated is worthy of grateful remembrance. Let us, therefore, hope that in any anxiety to improve upon the royal design, its principal aim, the recreation of the people, and the gladdening of their eyes and hearts by some joyful object, as living water and refreshing verdure, will not be lost sight of by those entrusted with the disposal of this commanding metropolitan area.

## THE DANGERS OF MISCONDUCT.

BY M. DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER I.

THE evening seldom finished early at the Viscountess de Grandlieu's. One night last winter two visitors were present as late as one in the morning. One of them, a young man, and remarkably handsome, took leave when he heard the clock strike. As soon as the rattle of the wheels of his cab was heard in the street, Madame de Grandlieu glanced anxiously round, and seeing that the room was empty, except two gentlemen who were playing *écarté* in a corner, she approached her daughter as if to address her.

Her daughter, beautiful and elegantly dressed, stood by the mantel, listening to the sound of the wheels outside, while pretending to examine a new *garde-rue* on

\* Some few years ago, the project was entertained of bringing over to this country and erecting in our own metropolis the monolith called *Cleopatra's Needle*, one of the two granite obelisks at Alexandria, which is still standing, the other being on the ground. Including the pedestal, the entire height is about seventy-nine feet, but the monolith itself does not exceed sixty-three feet, and is therefore smaller than the Luxor Obelisk at Paris. The idea of moving it hither seems now, however, to be quite abandoned. — *Penny Cyclopædia*. Article Obelisk.

*lithophanie*, a novelty which had just made its appearance.

"Camille," said the viscountess, eyeing her daughter closely, "I wish to say to you, that if you continue to treat that young Comte de Restaud as you did this evening, I shall not allow him to enter my house."

"Mamma!"—

"Do not speak, but listen to me. You are an only daughter, and rich; you must not think of marrying a young man who has nothing at all. I know you have confidence in me: trust to me to see you properly established. At seventeen one is hardly old enough to decide on matters of interest. I will say only one word more. Ernest has a mother who would squander millions. He adores her, and yields to her with a filial piety which is worthy of all praise: and he takes great care of his brother and sister, and this is still more wonderful," she added maliciously; "but as long as his mother is alive, any family would fear to entrust the happiness and the interests of a daughter to the Comte de Restaud."

"I overheard a word or two which tempt me to interpose between you and Mademoiselle Camille," cried one of the two *écarté* players; and he left his seat, saying to his partner, "I have won, marquis, but I must leave you to fly to the aid of your niece!"

"That is having a lawyer's ears in good earnest," said the viscountess. "How could you hear me? I spoke very low."

"I heard with my eyes," said the advocate, drawing closer to the fire. He took a low chair in the chimney-corner, the old marquis took a seat on the *causerie* by his niece's side, and Madame de Grandlieu occupied a place between them.

"It is high time," remarked the man of law, "that I should tell you a story, which will answer two good reasons: in the first place, it furnishes some serious counsels for Mademoiselle Camille, in the next, it will compel you to alter the opinion you have formed as to Ernest and his fortune."

"Is it a story? oh pray begin at once!" cried the young lady.

As the Viscountess de Grandlieu belonged to the very first circle of the *faubourg St. Germain*, was very rich, very noble, and very loyal, it may seem strange that a mere lawyer should be allowed to talk so familiarly with her. This, we think, we can explain. When Madame de Grandlieu returned to France with the royal family, she lived on the moderate sum allowed her from the civil list. Our advocate fancied he had detected some illegalities in the sale made under the republic of the magnificent Hotel de Grandlieu. He informed her that the property could be recovered, undertook the suit at

his own risk, and actually did recover it. Encouraged by this first and great success, he manœuvred with such skill and perseverance, that he obtained the restitution of the forest of Grandlieu, and so many other indemnifications, that her revenue was now enormous, and, thanks to the *faithfulness* and care of her legal adviser, continually increasing.

He was at this time turned of forty: a man of high honour, much information, and equal modesty. His conduct towards Madame de Grandlieu had procured him the business of nearly all the *faubourg St. Germain*, but he did not profit by their favour, as an ambitious man would have done. He never went out, except occasionally to the Hotel de Grandlieu. He was really fond of business, and, besides, he enjoyed too much happiness at home to seek for it abroad. It was lucky for him he happened to meet with Madame de Grandlieu's case, else he might probably have starved to death. He had not the soul of a lawyer.

Ever since Count Ernest de Restaud had begun to visit at the hotel, and the advocate had discovered the sympathy that plainly existed between Camille and him, he had become as regular a visitor as a dandy of the *Chaussée d'Antin* just admitted to the society of the aristocratic *faubourg*.

(To be continued.)

### OARS versus PADDLES.

HAVING occasion to go to Chelsea one evening last summer, I walked down to Hungerford wharf, with the intention of availing myself of one of the steamers which ply there. It happened that the steamer for Chelsea had started just before my arrival, and as it might be some time before another came up, and the evening was very calm and fine, I determined to hire a boat and be rowed to my destination in the good old style. Accordingly, I looked out for a prepossessing waterman, and soon marked one whom I thought would just suit me. He was a man of hale appearance and of middle age, who sat with folded arms, smoking a short pipe, and gazing listlessly on the river.

"What will you charge to take me to Chelsea?" said I, walking up to him.

"Chelsea, sir?" said he. "Three shillings. Ag'in tide all the way."

"Come, my friend," said I, "I'll give you two shillings, and that's more than your fare."

"Shove that boat astarn, Bill!" exclaimed he. "Now, sir, step in. It a'n't no use talking to gen'lmen, I think. Bless'd if they'd ever let a poor waterman live; and now, with the 'nation steamers, we might

as well stop at home for all the good we does!"

"Ay, ay," said I; "but you must allow that the steamers are a great convenience to the public."

"Convenience, sir!" cried my friend, leaning forward and pulling a very long stroke, as if to enforce the exclamation. "Let them as thinks 'em a convenience go by 'em. I wouldn't trust myself on board one on 'em to be made Lord Mayor of Lunnon. (Easy, Bill, outside the barge!) Why, it is but t'other day a biler burst; and accidents is taking place very often as the public never hears on. To be sure, gen'lmen knows best; and if they like to risk their precious lives, why, let 'em, I say."

By this harangue I found that I had touched upon a sore place; and I wickedly resolved to rub it a little, in order that I might "draw out" my friend, and hear what he had to say on the subject.

"But," said I, "if the steamers be as dangerous as you represent, how is it that they are so crowded, whilst the wherries are almost deserted?"

"It's the novelty, sir! the novelty!" replied he, with great earnestness. "Depend on it, when two or three on 'em has blowed up, people 'll be uncommon glad to come back to the watermen. Why, it stands to reason they never can answer in the long run. Who'd be smothered in smoke and biled in steam when he could set quite cool, and comfortable, and wholesome, and be pulled along by a pair of oars? Arter a time, sir, they'll find all this out, and the steamers 'll be druv off the river. The iron ones 'll be melted down into sarcepans, and the wooden ones 'll be chopped up for fire-wood to make 'em boil!"

It was impossible to refrain from laughing at this picturesque description of my friend the anti-steamite; and he, seemingly encouraged by my mirth, continued thus:—

"Besides, sir, my objections is of a higher sort than only just what I've said. I think steam-boats and railroads, and all the rest of these new-fangled schemes is, as I may say, a flying in the very face of nater. I'm one of the old school, sir, and the young chaps at our stairs laughs at me, and says as I don't belong to the march of intellect, as they calls it. There's Tom White says to me the other morning, 'Ben!' says he, (Ben Smith's my name, sir,) 'Ben!' says he, you've such an envy agin these steamers, you can't speak a good word on 'em. Now,' says he, 'though they cut us up dreadful, I can see they're a good thing for the public, and, moreover nor that, the public knows it. Depend on it,' says he, 'we may take our craft off the river soon as we like.' May we?" says I. "Then I'll jist tell you what. They may take their steamers off as soon as they likes; and, regarding envy, I don't

speak agin steamers as a *waterman*, but as a *man*; and I say they are a flying in the face of nater!" And so I do, sir; and, as I told Tom, some day they'll find it out."

"But surely the steamers are a great improvement," said I, smiling; "and you don't meant to deny that it is the tendency of one age to improve on another."

"Begging your pardon, sir," replied this sturdy champion; "we'll let alone the last question, and stick to the one we was on; and I say that steamers is *no* improvement. What's the odds if you do get on a little quicker, when all the time your life's in danger? and, besides that, you're so 'nation uncomfortable on board, what with the smoke, and steam, and heat, and dashing of the paddles, that the time *seems* twice as long, and so it comes to the same thing, What's the blowings up all over the country, as we hears on, but a punishment to shew us steamers in themselves is bad, and ought to be done away with?"

"Come, my friend," said I, "you don't seem to remember the *upsettings* of wherries. How many people do you think lost their lives every year on the Thames from that alone?"

"It was 'cause they rowed themselves," replied Ben, "and wouldn't have a good waterman as knowed the river. Since these steamers come, if you like, the watermen may have got their wherries upset; but whose fault is that? *They're* not to blame, but the blessed captains of steamers, as never look where they're a coming to. It's hard enough for a *waterman* to get out of the way; but them cockney chaps as takes boats to pull up to the Red House and what not, can't do it at all. Why, it is but t'other day I see a thing of the sort; there was a wherry with two young fellows a pulling, and a lady setting astarn. Well, just a little this side Westminster bridge, a steamer come bearing down right on 'em. 'My eye,' says the lady, 'we shall be all smashed to nothing!' 'Keep clear,' sings out the captain, motioning with his hand. 'Do what?' cries one of the young fellows. 'Stop her!' sings out the captain again. 'Stop who?' they cries out altogether. It was no use. The steamer went right over the wherry, and they was all throw'd in the water. What d'ye think of *that* now?"

"But they were saved!" exclaimed I. "Go on."

"Why, sir," said old Ben, as if unwillingly, "they was picked up that time; but the boat was stove in and sent to the bottom. Now, isn't that pretty conduct? The steamers is to run over all the small craft, and drown people, and nobody's to hinder 'em."

"Something must be done, indeed," said I; "but what would you recommend?"

"This is what I'd recommend, sir," replied Ben. "The next time a accident



happens, let the crowner for Middlesex bring on the question in the Parliament-house, and get all the steamers on the Thames put down."

Mortal could not stand this; and I laughed so heartily that I feared old Ben would think it only proper to be offended; but he was too much of a philosopher for that. He surveyed me for a few moments with a sort of grave pity, and then, shaking his head, "Ah, sir," said he, "you may laugh—you may laugh! It's nat'ral you shouldn't feel it like me. You can't remember the river as it used to be before the first steamer came on it; but I'm fifty year old, and have got my bread as a waterman now forty year—little enough I've got lately. Bless you, in those times we brought people by hundreds and thousands to Foxhall; and the ladies said the ride on the water was the best part on it. Then we'd rowing-matches, and gentlemen going to the Red House to shoot pigeons, and parties to Cumberland Gardens to drink tea, and eat shrimps and bread and butter; but Cumberland Gardens, to give us a good turn, must get burnt down. It's all over now. People goes to Foxhall and the Red House by steam, and watermen may set on a bench and see 'em go."

"Is there no possibility of turning your wherries into steam-boats, since it must be so?" said I. "Could not the watermen establish a company amongst themselves?"

"What! and so take to paddles and smoke!" exclaimed old Ben. "No, sir, 'Every dog has his day,' as the saying is; steamers 'll have their day. When the first gloss of the thing has gone off, our turn 'll come again."

We had now arrived at our destination; and my friend Ben, dexterously guiding his boat to the landing-place at Cheyne-walk, held the prow for me to get out. "There, sir," said he, "that's the way to come to Chelsea, and that's the way to land, without bustle and crowding. Whenever you want a good boat, sir, I hope you'll remember mine. 'The Flora,' gold letters on a blue ground, and Ben Smith, the owner. You won't forget, sir? Good evening, sir."

I walked up the landing-place, thinking on the practical philosophy evinced by old Ben Smith. On reaching the road above, and looking back, there he was still at the end of the causeway, smoking his pipe, and gazing listlessly on the river.

seem to be by no means so easy of practice as is generally imagined. Almost all our works, whether of knowledge or of fancy, have been the product of much intellectual exertion and study, or, as it is better expressed by the poet,

"The well-ripened fruits of wise delay."

Pope published nothing until it had been a year or two beside him, and even then his printers' sheets were full of alterations; and, on one occasion, Doddeley, his publisher, thought it better to reprint the whole than attempt the necessary corrections. Goldsmith considered four lines a-day good work, and was seven years in beating out the pure gold of the *Deserted Village*. Hume wrote his delightful history on a sofa, (not much of a "task" to him,) but he went on silently correcting every edition till his death. Robertson used to write out his sentences on small slips of paper, and after rounding and polishing them to his satisfaction, he entered them in a book, which, in its turn, underwent considerable revision. Burke had all his principal works printed two or three times at a private press before submitting them to his publisher. Akenside and Gray were indefatigable correctors, labouring every line; and so was our more prolix and imaginative poet, Thomson. I have compared the first edition of *The Seasons* with the last corrected one, and am able to state, that there is scarcely a page which does not bear evidence of his taste and industry. Johnson thinks they lost much of their *raciness* under this severe regimen, but they were much improved in fancy and delicacy. The episode of Musidora, the "solemnly-ridiculous bathing scene," as Campbell justly describes it, was almost entirely re-written, the poet having originally peopled the "refreshing stream" with three inamoratos. Two of our most ambitious authors, Johnson and Gibbon, were the least laborious in arranging their thoughts for the press. Gibbon sent the first and only manuscript of his stupendous work to his printer; and Johnson's high-sounding sentences, which rise and fall like an Æolian harp or cathedral organ, were written almost without an effort. Both, however, lived and moved, as it were, in the world of letters, thinking or caring of little else,—one in the heart of busy London, which he dearly loved, and the other in his silent retreat at Lausanne. Dryden wrote hurriedly, to provide for the day that was passing over him, and, consequently, had little time for correction; but his *Absalom* and *Achitophel*, and the beautiful imagery of the *Hind* and *Panther*, must have been fostered with parental care. St. Pierre copied his *Paul and Virginia* nine times, that he might render it the more perfect. Rousseau exhibited the ut-

## PAINS AND TOILS OF AUTHORSHIP.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE INVERNESS COURIER.

INDEPENDENTLY of the labour requisite to supply the staple *matériel* of genius or learning, the craft of authorship would

most coxcomby of affection for his long-cherished productions. The amatory epistles, in his new *Heloise*, he wrote on fine gilt-edged card paper, and, having folded, addressed, and sealed them, he opened and read them in his solitary walks in the woods of fair Clarens, with the mingled enthusiasm of an author and lover. (Wilkie and his models, the "timmer manies," as an Aberdeenshire virtuoso styled them, are nothing to this.) Sheridan watched long and anxiously for a good thought, and, when it did come, he was careful to attire it suitably, and to reward it with a glass or two of wine. Burns composed in the open air,—the sunnier the better; but he laboured hard, and with almost unerring taste and judgment, in correcting his pieces. His care of them did not cease with publication. I have seen a copy of the second edition of his poems, with the blanks filled up, and numerous alterations made, in the poet's handwriting: one instance, not the most delicate, but perhaps the most amusing and characteristic, will suffice. After describing the gambols of his *Two Dogs*, their historian described their sitting down in coarse and rustic terms. This, of course, did not suit the poet's Edinburgh patrons, and he altered it to the following:—

"Till tired at last and dourer grown,  
Upon a knowe they set them down."

Still this did not please his fancy; he tried again, and hit it off in the simple, perfect form in which it now stands:—

"Untill wi' daffin weary grown,  
Upon a knowe they set them down."

Lord Byron was a rapid composer, but made abundant use of the pruning knife. On returning one of his proof-sheets from Italy, he once expressed himself undecided about a single word, for which he wished to substitute another, and requested Mr. Murray to refer it to the late veteran editor of the *Quarterly*. This at once illustrates my argument, and marks the literary condescension of the noble bard. Sir Walter Scott evinced his love of literary labour, by undertaking the revision of the whole *Waverley Novels*—a goodly freighting of some fifty or sixty volumes! The works of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Moore, and the occasional variations in their different editions, mark their love of re-touching. The Laureat is indeed unweariable, after his kind—a true author of the old school. The bright thoughts of Campbell, which sparkle like polished lances, were manufactured with almost equal care: he is the Pope of modern bards. His corrections are generally decided improvements; but in one instance he failed lamentably. The noble peroration of Lochiel is familiar to all:—

"Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe;  
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame."

In the quarto edition of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, when the poet collected and reprinted his minor pieces, this lofty sentiment is thus stultified:—

"Shall victor exult in the battle's acclaim,  
Or look to yon heaven from the death-bed of fame."

The original passage, however, was wisely restored in the subsequent editions.

Allan Cunningham unfortunately corrects but little: his gay and gorgeous genius requires the curb of prudence, excepting, perhaps, in his imitations of the elder lyrics, which are perfect centos of Scottish feeling and poesy. I see by the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, that the Ettrick Shepherd is disposed to place the credit of the "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song" to the genius of Allan; and he is right. Their publication, as "Remains," may have been "a fraud," (as Mr. Jeffrey termed it,) but so was the *Castle of Otranto*—so were the strains of Chatterton—the *Vision of Allan Ramsay*—the sentimental prefaces of *The Man of Feeling*—and a thousand other productions. The origin of the *Remains* was as follows:—When a very young man, Mr. Cunningham, by the side of his father's fire in the winter evenings, wrote some of the sweetest of his Scottish songs. These were shewn to Cromek, when in Dumfries, by a relative of the bard; but they found no favour in the eyes of the collector of "relics."—"Could the young man," said he, "but assist me in procuring some of the fragments of ancient song, with which the country abounds, he would be much better employed." Upon this hint Allan spake. He soon supplied him with abundance of lyrical antiques, which seemed to be more common in the vale of Nith than were ever relics of our Lady of Loretto in the dominions of the Pope. The unconscious cockney adopted the whole as genuine, and, with the help of their author, manufactured the volume, which occasioned some surprise and conjecture among the lovers of Scottish song and antiquities. This is the head and front of Mr. Cunningham's offending; and there are few authors, we suspect, who would object to being placed in the confessional, if they had no heavier sins to acknowledge or to atone for.

The above are but a few instances of authors' cares—the *disjecta membra* of literary history. Of many illustrious men, we have few memorials. Shakspeare was in all things a "chartered libertine," and could not have been a very laborious corrector. His free genius must have disdained the restraints of study, and the

unities of time and place, as much as his own beautiful, inimitable Ariel would have scorned the fetters of this mortal coil. Milton—the “old man eloquent”—the poet of *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*—was “slow to choose,” and sedulous to write for immortality; but his great mind, like the famous pool of Norway, embraced at once the mightiest and the minutest things, and his thoughts disdained to appear in an imperfect shape. “What was written—was written”—and was incapable of improvement. Of his gifted contemporary, Jeremy Taylor, few records have survived that “great storm, which dashed the vessel of the church and state all in pieces.” When prescribing rules for the employment of their time in the morning, he does not fail to counsel his readers to be “curious to see the preparation which the sun makes, when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east;” and we know that he was zealous to present “a rosary or chaplet of good works” to his Maker every evening. Such a man would, from taste and genius, be careful of the conceptions of his immortal mind: all that was tender, pious, and true, would be cherished and adorned, while the baser alloy of human passions and infirmities would be expelled from such consecrated ground. Cowper, the lights and shades of whose character have been spread before us almost as plainly and beautifully as the face of nature, in composition had only to transfer his thoughts to paper. He never forgot the man in the poet; he does not, like Milton’s sirens, “with voluptuous hope dissolve,” but he more than realizes our expectations, and he bounds them all within the “charmed ring” of virtue. In his *Letters*, as in those of other authors, we may sometimes trace the germ of his finest poetical pictures,—

“As yon grey lines that fret the east  
Are messengers of day.”

Who does not wish that he had foreseen the splendour of his meridian reputation?

But it is time to close these disjointed notes. However delightful it may be thus to string them together in the silence and sunshine of a Highland glen, every nook and crevice of which is now instinct with life and beauty, they will be read with different feelings in the saloons of the “city of palaces.”—*The Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

### DOMESTIC ANTIQUITIES.

#### THE “LEATHER BOTTLE” AND A PAIR OF NUTCRACKERS.

A WORTHY elderly lady, some eighth or tenth cousin of ours, who had been resident in a distant county of England for several

years, departed quietly from this world, at a good old age, during the past winter, and left us the entire of her little property. It was not a great fortune, to be sure, but it was all she had; and we respected her intentions as fully as if she had bequeathed us her thousands in the place of single pounds, for it shewed that she thought well of us.

A rare collection of ancient relics we found, when we began to overlook our newly-acquired property; and a perfect resemblance to a Wardour-street dealer’s shop did our own house present for a few days when we brought home our treasures, before their various destinations had been assigned to them. There were flat straw-hats, like the head-dresses in the old pocket-books for 1760, or thereabouts; and gowns and petticoats of rustling silks and polished satin, quilted and worked, that stood on end with their own richness, and would have dressed Watteau’s heroines to perfection. Then, to the great delight of the younger female branches of our family, there were toilet-covers trimmed with yards of broad point lace that would have eclipsed even the displays in the Regent-street windows, and which were presently turned into capes and other “women’s gear”—tiny caps and shirts for babies, edged with lace of finer workmanship, which was forthwith transferred to cuffs and pocket-handkerchiefs,—pieces of costly brocade that promised a perpetually-accumulating fund of pincushions for many years to come, to say nothing of one remnant large enough for a waistcoat, which, in all humility, we reserved for ourselves, in spite of all the hints how beautifully it would cover a small ottoman; and dozens of home-spun sheets, towels, and table-linen, which we carefully laid by, in the event of our ever being sufficiently fortunate to obtain two consents—our own and that of one more—to be married.

There was another relic which inspired, for the moment, thoughts of a more serious cast. It was a little cabinet that contained all sorts of trifling memorials of early attachment—small locketts and trinket-watches, nuts with double kernels, thin hoop-rings of gold with posies inscribed inside, two or three dry flower-stalks that crumbled into dust when we touched them, and one small enamel box enclosed a lock of hair. We could not reconcile these things at first with their late owner, for we had only known her as an ancient lady, even in our childhood: we had sunk the idea of a previous youth, in the contemplation of present age; and yet each of those small memorials had probably some old and fondly-cherished association attached to it. But now the actors connected with their being were all gone,—the hopes and fears of affection, and the conflicts of the passions, had found one common



level. We did not join in the laugh at these mute tokens of former love, when we saw their quaint forms and devices; we returned them to their depository with silent respect, as we thought that, many years hence, similar trifles of our own might perchance call forth an idle smile, when all had passed away but the recollection of the "old man" who had left these love-gages, of apparently such small value, behind him.

We found also a large collection of curious old drinking-glasses, some of tall and spare shape, others massy and dwarfish, and others again with seven-shilling and quarter-guinea pieces blown in their stems. There was likewise a series of miniature china cups and saucers, used at a period when Howqua's great-grandfather must have been a little boy, and tea was only just known. But we cannot enumerate half the antiquities we brought to light. We have made the "effigies" of one or two for the amusement of our readers, and these we present now to their notice.



The "Leather Bottle" is probably two or three hundred years old; and, from a faint aroma still lingering about it, was doubtless the receptacle of many a cheering draught in its time. Articles of this kind were in common use with our ancestors, but very few are now extant. They served as bottles until age rendered them unsound and unfit for use, when, with a square piece cut out from them, as represented above, they were hung up by the side of the fireplace, and formed depositories for such stray articles as the careful housekeepers of former days thought fit to hoard. There is an old song in praise of the leather bottle, and we should feel obliged to any of the correspondents of *The Mirror*, who could favour us with a copy of the entire words. Two lines ran, if we mistake not—

"I wish in heaven his soul may dwell  
Who first invented the Leather Bottle."

And allusion was made to its after service, as the receiver of—

"Nails, and awls, and candle-ends,  
For young beginners must have such things;"  
or, as we improved the reading and the rhyme—

"For young beginners who've got no friends;"  
being a state more applicable to the hoarding of such articles as are above spoken of. The Leather Bottle is the sign of one of the banking-houses in Fleet-street; and there is a tradition relating to it connected with the great fire of London, in 1666. The capacity of our own is about one gallon.



The other curiosity is a pair of nut-crackers, formed entirely of wood, about five inches long. The bend is a natural turn in the wood, and the two limbs are connected by a small peg. It is a sort of instrument that you could fashion with your knife, in the pleasant hazel-copse, as you went along, from the very tree that supplied you with the nuts. Screw nut-crackers of wood are common throughout France, Switzerland, and other countries where iron is valuable; but we never saw any of this fashion, which we think would be an improvement upon the others aforesaid. We shall probably come upon some more relics in the course of our search; and, if they are of sufficient interest, we shall feel pleasure in laying them before the readers of *The Mirror*.

ALBERT.

## THE LITERARY WORLD.—IX.

### THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

THE principal novelty of the month is *George Cruikshank's Omnibus*—another of the shilling school, in which this artist may be said to have earned his best fame. It would be useless to attempt to define the object of this work, which bears the motto, "*De Omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*;" but, judging from the unit before us, we should say the pictorial attraction will be

paramount; though hereafter the pen of the concern may reach nearer the standard of its pencil.

To begin with the illustrations, the wrapper, as usual with Cruikshank, is excellently designed; for "further particulars," *vide* the shop windows; we shall merely observe that never had omnibus eight more comical insides, two outsides, a driver, and conductor; they are so many impersonations of droll nature. The preface is a plate, and the best in the Number; representing the Great World, which here, as in the reality, presents novelty at every turn. Every phase of life seems to be aimed at and hit within this magic sphere: Queen Victoria and her illustrious consort and court occupy the upper pole, backed by St. Paul's and shipping; beneath are Mr. and Mrs. Bull, and towards the nucleus are parties drinking, dancing, and smoking, so that the artist favours the notion of a central fire. The love of smoke, too, reaches to the opposite pole, where the Emperor of China sits *al fresco* in front of his junks and pagoda, Indian juggling, and African slavery. The sporting group is too numerous to describe: here a traveller is spearing an alligator; there another is shooting a tiger. A race-course, with gypsies, pickpockets, and the racers after a steam-boat, is a piquant episode; whilst balloons, kites, a windmill, a posturing clown, leap-frog, ostrich hunting, and a volcano in the horizon, attest the vivacious fancy of the artist, and the calibre of the fun he has in store for his readers.

The preface plate is succeeded by a portrait of Mr. Cruikshank, with his mystical autograph beneath; the likeness is characteristic. The remaining plate is an illustration of a story begun, and has better fancy than such designs usually display.

Next to the literature. "My portrait" is a running accompaniment of seven pages, in which the author replies to his *misrepresentation* in a work entitled *Portraits of Public Characters*. It is sprightly in places, but not so pleasantly pointed as to compensate for its length. In it we are told that G. C., when a very young man, was rather short-sighted in more senses than one; but weak eyes he never had—that ever since his birth he has been able, even with one eye, to see very clearly through a millstone, upon merely applying the single optic right or left, to the central orifice perforated therein; "but for the imputation of weakness in that particular, (says the author,) I should never have boasted of my capital eye; especially (as an aged punster suggests) when I am compelled to use the capital I so often in this article." *En passant*, there are no Irish coal-heavers. A picture of life is described "as though death were dead! It was all life." Our artist, from his limnings of low life, has been set down as

the companion of dustmen, coalheavers, and scavengers—an unjust imputation; for it would be just as fair to assume that Morland was the companion of pigs, that Liston was the associate of louts and footmen, or that Fielding lived in fraternal intimacy with Jonathan Wild. In reply to the assertion that G. C. is a match for the under class of cabmen, our artist states that he invariably pays them more than their fare. From the next paper, "My Last Pair of Hessian Boots," we quote the following—to our mind, the best page in the Number.

"When we give a pair of old boots to the poor, how little do we consider into what disgusting nooks and hideous recesses they may carry their new owner! Let no one shut up the coffers of his heart, or check even momentarily the noble impulse of charity; but it is curious to note what purposes a bashful maiden's left-off finery may be made to serve on the stage of a show at Greenwich fair; how an honest matron's muff, passed into other hands, may be implicated in a case of shop-lifting; how the hat of a great statesman may come to be handed round to ragamuffins for a collection of halfpence for the itinerant conjuror; or how the satin slippers of a countess may be sandalled on the aching feet of a girl whose youth is one weary and wretched caper upon stilts!

"My Hessians"—neither mine, nor Hessians, now—were on their last legs. Theirs had not been 'a beauty for ever unchangingly bright.' They had experienced their decline; their fall was nigh. Their earliest patchings suggested, as a similitude, the idea of a Grecian temple, whose broken columns are repaired with brick; the brick preponderates as ruin prevails, until at length the original structure is no more. The boots became one patch! Such were they on that winter morn, when a ruddy faced 'translator' sat at his low door, on a low stool, the boots on his lap undergoing examination. After due inspection, his estimate of their value was expressed by his adopting the expedient of Orator Henley; that is to say, by cutting the legs off, and reduced what remained of their pride to the insignificance of a pair of shoes; which, sold in that character to a match-vender, degenerated after a few weeks into slippers. *Sic transit, &c.*

"Of the appropriation of the amputated portion no very accurate account can be rendered. Fragments of the once soft and glossy leather furnished patches for dilapidated goloshes; a pair or two of gaiter straps were extricated from the ruins; and the 'translator's' little boy manufactured from the remains a 'sucker' of such marvellous efficacy that his father could never afterwards keep a lapstone in the stall.

"As for the slippers, improperly so called,

they pinched divers corns, and pressed various bunions in their day, as the boots, their great progenitors, had done before them, sliding, shuffling, shambling, and dragging their slow length along; until in the ripeness of time, they, with other antiquities, were carried to Cutler-street, and sold to a venerable Jewess. She, with knife keen as Shylock's, ripped off the soles—all besides was valueless even to her—and, not without some pomp and ceremony, laid them out for sale on a board placed upon a crippled chair. Yes, for sale; and to that market for soles there soon chanced to repair an elderly son of poverty; who, having many little feet running about at home, made shoes for them himself. The soles became his; and thus of the apocryphal remains of my veritable Hessians, was there just sufficient leather left to interpose between the tender feet of a child, and the hard earth, his mother!"

The portion of the story to which we have alluded—"Frank Heartwell; or, Fifty Years Ago," extends through eleven pages, an extent beyond its interest. There are, besides, two lyrical pieces, by L. B.—"Love seeking a Lodging," a pretty trifle; and a ballad à l'Ingoldsby, describing the process of Photographic Portraiture, and concluding—

"Thus needs it the courage of old Cousin Hotspur,  
To sit to an artist who flatters no sinner;  
Yet Self-love will urge us to seek him, for what spur  
So potent as that, though it make the truth bitter!  
And thus are all flocking, to see Phœbus mocking,  
Or making queer faces, a visage per minute;  
And truly 'tis shocking, if winds should be rocking  
The building, or clouds darken all that's within it,  
To witness the frights

Which shadows and lights  
Manufacture, as like as an owl to a linnet.  
For there while you sit up,  
Your countenance lit up,  
The mists fly across, a magnificent rack;  
And your portrait's a patch, with its bright and its  
black,  
Out-Rembrandting Rembrandt, in ludicrous woe,  
Like a chimney-sweep caught in a shower of snow.

Yet nothing can keep the crowd below,  
And still they mount up, stair by stair;  
And every morn, by the hurry and hum,  
Each seeking a prize in the lottery there,  
You fancy the 'last day of drawing' has come.  
L. B."

With the fertility of illustration, if not of invention, which Mr. Cruikshank has shewn himself to possess, we think it will not be difficult to provide a monthly picnic of the eccentricities of the Great World, and the fantastic tricks of the Little and the Great, which may keep his readers in good spirits from month to month; and in his pleasant vocation we cordially wish him success.

### New Books.

*Masterman Ready; or, the Wreck of the Pacific.* By Captain Marryat.

[Of all contemporary writers, the author of

this little volume, "written for young people," is probably the most free and facile; and he is equally so in every thing that he attempts, whether in a politico-economical account of the United States, or "a boy's own book"—from the "minikin pin" to the "sheet-anchor" of literary composition. The Captain is, therefore, a true "Masterman Ready," at such a volume as the present, his idiomatic, conversational style being especially fitted for the comprehension of the young. He is consequently not under the necessity of reducing his style—a peculiar advantage, by which we are reminded of this emphatic declaration of Scott: "I am persuaded both children and the lower classes of readers hate books which are written down to their capacity, and love those that are composed for their elders and betters. I will make, if possible, a book that a child shall understand, yet a man will feel some temptation to peruse, should he chance to take it up." And such a book has Captain Marryat produced in the work before us.

Some of our best books for young persons have been written by affectionate fathers for their own children; and *Masterman Ready* originated in this kindly feeling. It appears that Captain Marryat promised to write a book for his children, who, on being asked what kind of book they would prefer, said they wished their father to continue *The Swiss Family Robinson*, a little work of long-established popularity. The Captain sent for the work, and read it: he found it amusing, but in places neither probable nor possible: the want of seamanship is very glaring; and the ignorance and carelessness in describing the vegetable and mineral productions of the island on which the family had been wrecked were so glaring, that the Captain resolved to "throw overboard" *The Swiss Family Robinson*, and start anew; urging that to be correct in trifles is important in a child's book, and that fiction, when written for young people, should, at all events, be based upon truth. As to his success in the construction of the present story, he will take the opinions of the children rather than of the critics; and we predict a favourable judgment.

This volume is, however, only the commencement of the work; in which the *Pacific*, a large ship, on her voyage to Sydney, is wrecked upon an island, at about the middle of the narrative, at the close of which the crew and passengers have built themselves a house. The oracle of the book is Masterman Ready, second-mate of the vessel, and who had been more than fifty years at sea; and the little inquirer is Master William, the eldest boy of a family who were passengers on board, consisting of the father, mother, and four children.

\* Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, vol. vii. p. 37.

The father had for many years held an office under government at Sydney, and was now returning from a leave of absence of three years. The family are attended by Juno, a black girl, who had come from the Cape of Good Hope to Sydney, and had followed them to England. The *Pacific* was a very fine ship, of more than four hundred tons burthen, with a cargo of English manufactures. "The captain was a good navigator and seaman, and moreover a good man, of a cheerful, happy disposition, always making the best of everything, and when accidents did happen, always more inclined to laugh than to look grave." The first-mate, a conscientious Scotsman, was not quite so agreeable a fellow. There were thirteen seamen on board; hardly a sufficient number to man so large a vessel, which proved unfortunate. There were also two shepherds' dogs and a little terrier, who figure among the *dram. pers.* of the narrative.

The incidents of the ship's passage, as might be expected, are graphically related: we have the accidents in a gale, the arrival at the Cape, and a visit to Cape Town, where one of the children narrowly escapes from a lion in the Company's gardens. We can only follow the narrative for three days' calm, after leaving the Cape, when there comes on

#### *A Dreadful Storm.]*

[*Ready.*—"Captain Osborn, it's not for me to contradict Mr. Mackintosh, [first-mate,] but that's of little consequence in a time like this: I should have held to my opinion, had it not been that the gentleman passenger and his son were standing by, but now, as the coast is clear, I tell you that we shall have something worse than a gale of wind. I have been in these latitudes before, and I am an old seaman, as you know. There's something in the air, and there has been something during the last three days of calm, which reminds me too well of what I have seen here before; and I am sure that we will have little better than a hurricane, as far as wind goes—and worse in one point, that it will last much longer than hurricanes generally do. I have been watching, and even the birds tell me so, and they are told by their nature, which is never mistaken. That calm has been nothing more than a repose of the winds previous to their being roused up to do their worst; and that is my real opinion."

"Well, and I'm inclined to agree with you, Ready; so we must send top-gallant yards down on deck, and all the small sails and lumber out of the tops. Get the try-sail aft and bent, and lower down the gaff. I will go forward."

They had no time to lose: their preparations were hardly complete before the wind had settled to a fierce gale from the north-

east. The sea rose rapidly; topsail after topsail was furled; and by dusk the *Pacific* was flying through the water with the wind on her quarter, under reefed foresail and storm staysail. It was with difficulty that three men at the wheel could keep the helm, such were the blows which the vessel received from the heavy seas on the quarter. Not one seaman in the ship took advantage of his watch below to go to sleep that night, careless as they generally are; the storm was too dreadful. About three o'clock in the morning the wind suddenly subsided; it was but for a minute or two, and then it again burst on the vessel from another quarter of the compass, as Ready had foretold, splitting the foresail into fragments, which lashed and flogged the wind till they were torn away by it, and carried far to leeward. The heavens above were of a pitchy darkness, and the only light was from the creaming foam of the sea on every side. The shift of wind, which had been to the west-north-west, compelled them to alter the course of the vessel, for they had no chance but to scud, as they now did, under bare poles; but in consequence of the sea having taken its run from the former wind, which had been north-east, it was, as sailors call it, *cross*, and every minute the waves poured over the ship, sweeping all before their weight of waters. One poor man was washed overboard, and any attempt made to save him would have been unavailing. Captain Osborn was standing by the weather gunnel, holding on by one of the belaying pins, when he said to Mackintosh, who was near him,

"How long will this last, think you?"

"Longer than the ship will," replied the mate, gravely.

"I should hope not," replied the captain; "still it cannot look worse. What do you think, Ready?"

"Far more fear from above than from below just now," replied Ready, pointing to the yardarms of the ship, to each of which were little balls of electric matter attached, flaring out to a point. "Look at those two clouds, sir, rushing at each other; if I—"

Ready had not time to finish what he would have said, before a blaze of light, so dazzling that it left them all in utter darkness for some seconds afterwards, burst upon their vision, accompanied with a peal of thunder at which the whole vessel trembled fore and aft. A crash—a rushing forward—and a shriek were heard, and when they had recovered their eyesight, the foremast had been rent by the lightning as if it had been a lath, and the ship was in flames: the men at the wheel, blinded by the lightning, as well as appalled, could not steer; the ship broached to—away went the mainmast over the side—and all was wreck, confusion, and dismay.

Fortunately the heavy seas which poured over the fore-castle soon extinguished the flames, or they all must have perished; but the ship lay now helpless, and at the mercy of the waves beating violently against the wrecks of the masts which floated to leeward, but were still held fast to the vessel by their rigging. As soon as they could recover from the shock, Ready and the first-mate hastened to the wheel to try to get the ship before the wind; but this they could not do, as, the foremast and mainmast being gone, the mizenmast prevented her paying off and answering to the helm. Ready, having persuaded two of the men to take the helm, made a sign to Mackintosh (for now the wind was so loud that they could not hear each other speak), and, going aft, they obtained axes, and cut away the mizen-rigging; the mizen-topmast and head of the mizenmast went over the side, and then the stump of the foremast was sufficient to get the ship before the wind again. Still there was much delay and much confusion before they could clear away the wreck of the masts; and, as soon as they could make inquiry, they found that four of the men had been killed by the lightning and the fall of the foremast, and there were now but eight remaining, besides Captain Osborn and his two mates.

[*Robinson Crusoe* has been condemned for its tendency to induce boys to crave after the sea, which will not be the case with Capt. Marryat's book: here is a conversation between the father and Ready, on

*Going to Sea.*]

"With my permission," said Mr. Seagrave, "my boys shall never go to sea if there is any other profession to be found for them."

"Well, Mr. Seagrave, they do say that it's no use balking a lad if he wishes to go to sea, and that if he is determined, he must go: now I think otherwise—I think a parent has a right to say no, if he pleases, upon that point; for you see, sir, a lad, at the early age at which he goes to sea, does not know his own mind. Every high-spirited boy wishes to go to sea—it's quite natural; but if the most of them were to speak the truth, it is not that they so much want to go to sea, as that they want to go from school or from home, where they are under the control of their masters or their parents."

"Very true, Ready; they wish to be, as they consider they will be, independent."

"And a pretty mistake they make of it, sir. Why, there is not a greater slave in the world than a boy who goes to sea, for the first few years after his shipping: for once they are corrected on shore, they are punished ten times at sea, and they never again meet with the love and affection they

have left behind them. It is a hard life, and there have been but few who have not bitterly repented it, and who would not have returned, like the prodigal son, and cast themselves at their fathers' feet, only that they have been ashamed."

"That's the truth, Ready, and it is on that account that I consider that a parent is justified in refusing his consent to his son going to sea, if he can properly provide for him in any other profession. There never will be any want of sailors, for there always will be plenty of poor lads whose friends can do no better for them; and in that case the seafaring life is a good one to choose, as it requires no other capital for their advancement than activity and courage."

*The Philosophy of Mystery.* By Walter Cooper Dendy.

[A SUBSTANTIAL volume this of some 450 pages, upon a subject of untiring interest, and almost unanswerable inquiry—the precise relationship of the real and the ideal—or, in other words, the philosophy of ghosts, spectres, sleep, dreams, &c. And who so fit to illustrate "the serious and terrible matter of sprites," as "a professional man," who has innumerable opportunities for investigating disordered states of the mind—the great source of superstition and credulity—which do not ordinarily present themselves? Such a man is the author of the work before us—a distinguished Fellow of the Medical Society of London.

The love of mystery is very voluminous, so that, *ex abundantia*, there would be no difficulty in making a well-filled book. The arrangement of such a work is another matter; and so minutely has this been attended to in Mr. Dendy's volume, that if it be madness, there is method in it. The work is divided into chapters, each treating of a peculiar species of mystery, extending to no fewer than thirty-three varieties of ghosts, spectres, phantasies, forms and signs, illusions of sight and sound, mythology, demonology, psychology, sleep and dreams, deranged memory, somnambulism, monomania, reverie, trance, mesmerism, (the last popular folly,) and sybilline influence, besides many others which we have not space to enumerate. Hence every page overflows with anecdote and incidental illustration, the crowd of which sometimes becomes perplexing, and does not allow the reader time for reflection: *sa tête s'embarrasse*, and the mysterious multitude flit in his mind's eye without leaving any lasting impression upon the memory. Every one at all familiar with the olden works on superstition must have experienced the tedium of their quaint jargon, and the minuteness with which, in endeavouring to prove too much, their authors have weakened faith



even in the credulous. What reader has not been wearied with the wild romances of Beaumont and Burthogge; the idle gossip of Baxter, and Aubrey, and Glanville; and, as Mr. Dendy well observes, "that arch-mystagogue, Moreton, whose book is half full of prolix dialogues between ghosts and ghost-seers." Now Mr. Dendy eschews all such fiddle-fiddle, and, with considerable tact and neatness, dovetails his classified instances into his reasoning narrative, so as to render his work a "mingled yarn" of amusement, at the same time that it aims at higher purpose. His book strongly reminds us of Dr. Hibbert's *Philosophy of Apparitions*, Dr. Abercrombie's work on the *Feelings*, Sir David Brewster's *Natural Magic*, Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, and Dr. Millingen's *Curiosities of Medical Experience*, all which works it certainly resembles, though not so far as to be deemed an imitation of either. Its dialogue form, however, more closely approaches Sir Humphry Davy's *Consolations in Travel*: the opening chapter, "the Challenge," in design, at least, forcibly reminds us of Davy's philosophical volume. The disputants, four in number, are seated in "a shallop floating on the Wye, among the grey rocks and leafy woods of Chepstow. Within it were two fair girls reclining: the one blending the romantic wildness of a maid of Italy with the exquisite purity of English nature; the other illumining, with the devotion of a vestal, the classic beauty of a Greek. There was a young and learned bachelor sitting at the helm. Study had stamped an air of thoughtfulness on his brow; yet a smile was ever playing on his lips, as his heart felt the truth and influence of the beautiful life around him." There is much graphic fancy in this opening:]

*Castaly.* We have roamed, dear Ida, among the classic lands of the far-off Mediterranean: we have looked, from her pinnacles of snow, on the silvery gleaminess of Switzerland, and from purple sierras on the sunny splendour of Spain; yet these English meadows, with their fringes of wild bloom, come o'er the heart with all the freshness of an infant's dream. Yon majestic crag of Wyndcliff is flinging its purple shadows athwart the water, and floods of golden glory are streaming through the beech-woods of Piercefield: and see, our little sail, white as the wing of a swan, is wafting us towards Abbey Tintern, along this beautiful valley, where the river almost doubles on itself; meandering among its mead-flowers and its mosses, as loth to leave its luxuriant bed. Listen! the breath of evening is among the trees that dip in the ripple of the Wye their leaves of shivering gold. What a scene for minicns of the moon to revel in! Say, shall we charm the

lingering hours of this midsummer night among the ivied cloisters of the abbey? But where is Astrophel, our moon-struck student, who, like Chaucer's scholar, keeps

—"at his bed's head,  
A twenty books clothed in black and red,  
Of Aristotle and his philosophy?" —

They have not taught him courtesy, or he would not steal away from the light of our eyes to commune with owls and ivy-bushes.

Yet we promise him our smile for your sake, Evelyn. Indeed, I am thinking his mysteries will chime in admirably with the solemnity of this lone abbey. We appoint him master of our revels.

[At length, Astrophel volunteers to "un-sphere the spirit of Plato," and Castala and Ida to sit in judgment on the velvet throne of this their court of Tintern. Our first extract shall be from the chapter on the nature of ghosts:]

### *The Lady of the Ashes.*

There was a merry party collected in a town in France, and amongst all the gay lords and ladies there assembled, there was none who caused so great a sensation as a beautiful young lady, who danced, played, and sang in the most exquisite style. There were only two unaccountable circumstances belonging to her: one was, that she never went to church or attended family prayers; the other, that she always wore a slender, black velvet band or girdle round her waist. She was often asked about these peculiarities, but she always evaded the interrogatories; and still by her amiable manners and beauty won all hearts. One evening, in a dance, her partner saw an opportunity of pulling the loop of her little black girdle behind: it fell to the ground, and immediately the lady became pale as a sheet; then, gradually shrunk and shrunk, till at length nothing was to be seen in her place but a small heap of grey ashes.

"And what think you now, Evelyn?"

"*Ev.* I think your candle burned very blue, Astrophel, when you were poring over these midnight legends; yet, I believe, I may, by and by, explain the story of your Lady of the Ashes;—all excepting the mystery of the sable girdle. But, methinks, you should not have stopped short of the qualities by which we may recognise the *genus* of these phantoms. There was one, as I have heard, a ghost near Cirencester, which vanished in a very nice perfume, and a melodious twang; and Master Lilly therefore concluded it to be a fairy: and Propterius, I know, writes of another; and he decided, that the scent diffused on her disappearance, proclaimed her to be a goddess. Glanville has set himself to argue upon, nay, demonstrate, all questions regarding materiality and immateriality, and the nature of spirits; puzzling us with mathematical diagrams, and occupying fifteen

chapters on the nature of the witch of Endor: and Andrew Moreton, too, in his 'Secrets,' comments, with pedantic profanation, on the 'infernal *pass-weaving* of this condemned creature.' Coleridge, and even Sir Walter, who had a mighty love of legends, propose a question, whether she was a ventriloquist or an aristocratic fortune-teller, or an astrologer or a gipsy, imposing on the credulity of Saul. And yet that same Sir Walter very shrewdly suggested to Sir William Gell the *manufacture* of a ghost, with a thin sheet of tin, painted white, so that by half a turn the spectre would instantly vanish."

[Here are some interesting narratives of the

### Prophecy of Spectres.]

The tragedian John Palmer died on the stage at Liverpool. At the same hour and minute, a shopman in London, sleeping under a counter, saw distinctly his shade glide through the shop, open the door, and pop into the street. This, an hour or two after, he mentioned very coolly, as if Mr. Palmer himself had been there. Cardan saw, on the ring-finger of his right hand, the mark of a bloody sword, and heard at the same time a voice which bade him go directly to Milan. The redness progressively increased until midnight: the mark then faded gradually, and disappeared. At that midnight hour his son was beheaded at Milan. It was told by Knowles, the governor of Lord Rosecommon when a boy, that young Wentworth Dillon was one day seized with a mood of the wildest eccentricity, contrary to his usual disposition. On a sudden he exclaimed, "My father is dead!" And soon after missives came from Ireland to announce the fact. The father of Doctor Blomberg, clerk of the closet to George IV., was captain in an army serving in America. We are told by Doctor Rudge, that six officers, three hundred miles from his position, were visited after dinner by this modern Banquo, who sat down in a vacant chair. One said to him, "Blomberg, are you mad?" He rose in silence, and slowly glided out at the door. He was slain on that day and hour. In the "Diary of a Physician" (an embellished record of facts), we read the story of the spectre-smitten Mr. M——, whose leisure hours were passed in the perusal of legends of diablerie and witchcraft. One evening, when his brain was excited by champagne, he returned to his rooms, and saw a dear friend in his chair; and this friend had died suddenly, and was at that moment *laid out* in his chamber; a combination of horrors so unexpected and intense, that monomania was the result.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### The Gatherer.

*Venice.*—A bridge will shortly be commenced across the Lagunes, from the continent to the city, for the passage of the Milan railway; and at the same time to serve as an aqueduct, by which means Venice will be constantly supplied with fresh water. The cost of constructing this bridge is stated at nearly 153,000*l*.

*Music.*—Mr. Charles Roper, the son of the Admiral, and brother of the author of *The Practice of Navigation*, is the composer of the new overture to *Norma*, which has been very successful at her Majesty's Theatre. He is a second Ole Bull on the violin himself, and promises to be a great composer.—*Corresp. Times*.

*Anagram.*—Mr. Mead, in a letter to Sir Martin Stuteville respecting the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham, notices that the anagram of *John Felton* is No Flie not, (the *h* being dumb.)—*Ellis's Letters*, vol. iii. p. 265.

*Sailors and Coffee.*—A popular writer observes: "I never knew a sailor in my life who would not prefer a pot of hot coffee or chocolate, in a cold night, to all the rum afloat. They all say, that rum only warms them for a time; yet, if they can get nothing better, they will miss what they have lost. The momentary warmth and glow from drinking it; the break and change which is made in a long, dreary watch by the mere calling all hands aft, and serving of it out; and the simply having some event to look forward to, and to talk about, give it an importance and a use which no one can appreciate who has not stood his watch before the mast. \* \* The temperance reform is the best thing that ever was undertaken for the sailor; but when the grog is taken from him, he ought to have something in its place. As it is now in most vessels, it is a mere saving to the owners; and this accounts for the sudden increase of temperance ships, which surprises even the best friends of the cause. If every merchant, when he struck grog from the list of the expenses of his ship, had been obliged to substitute as much coffee or chocolate as would give each man a pot-full when he came off the top-sail yard on a stormy night, I fear Jack might have gone to ruin on the old road."

*Comparison of Speed.*—The ordinary rate of speed per second

	Feet.
Of a man chased by a bailiff, is	12
Of a dog with a kettle to its tail	16
Of an oyster at full gallop	20
Of a snail at a jog trot	24
Of a Greenwich pensioner's wooden leg	30
Of a gouty alderman at a [de] canter	38
Of a libel going the circuit	40

J. H. F.

*Mnemonics.*—"Children," said a certain professor in an academy at Paris, the other day, to his pupils, "can you tell where Joan of Arc was born?" They were all silent, because none of them knew. "Well," said he, "she was of Dom Remy, near Vancouleurs; but now, you hair-brained rogues, how will you recollect Dom Remy? First of all, in order to remember the *Dom*, you must take care to recollect the Spanish title which is prefixed to the names of nobles—for example, Don Quixotte; and as for *Remy*, it will be easy for you to impress it on your memory, by thinking of Saint Remy, Archbishop of Rheims, who anointed King Clovis. Now let us see whether you remember: Julia, where was Joan of Arc born?" "At Dom Remy." "Very well; and who was Archbishop of Rheims when King Clovis was crowned?" "Don Quixotte."

*Epigram on Miss Annie Bread.*—

"Toast any girl but her," said Ned,  
With every other flutter—  
"I'll be content with Annie Bread,  
And wont have any but her."

—*American Paper.*

"So," says Bishop Taylor, "have I seen the sun with a little ray of distant light challenge all the powers of darkness, and without violence and noise, climbing up the hill, hath made night so to retire that its memory was lost in the joys and sprightliness of the morning."

*Dutch Law of Arrest.*—A man may not be arrested in his own house in Holland, or even standing at the door of it, though all the previous citations should have been made; and should his wife be lying-in, he is humanely privileged, during the period of her illness, to go abroad without any molestation from his creditors or bailiffs.—*Fell's Batavia*, 1801.

*Tale-bearers* are enemies to civil society. Whoever entertains thee with the faults of others, will entertain others with thine.

*Madame Campan.*—Madame Murat one day said to her: "I am astonished that you are not more awed in our presence; you speak to us with as much familiarity as when we were your pupils!" "The best thing you can do," replied Madame Campan, "is to forget your titles when you are with me; for I can never be afraid of queens whom I have held under the rod."

*The Regent's Park.*—The opening, or rather the *restoration*, of the Regent's Park to the public has again been agitated in Parliament, and the Government have promised that the whole of the Park shall be opened for the use and gratification of the public. We hope this will be effected, but fear many difficulties will arise, from the Commissioners of Woods and Forests having let out portions of the Park to pri-

vate individuals, who have expended large sums in the erection of villas, and to whom a guarantee has been given that the public should not have access to their grounds. Could these claims be got rid of, out of 286 acres in the Park, 200 might be opened to the public. Mr. Wakley thus clearly stated the case during the debate: "The question now before them was about a Park, which belonged to the people, and from which they were excluded. That which was now called the Regent's Park was formerly Marylebone Fields; it was then called Marylebone Park; then it was enclosed under the pretext of rendering it more fit for the use of the people, but up to this moment it had never been fully restored to them; on the contrary, a considerable portion of it had been let out to private individuals. Now, the matter was this: the public wanted, and had a right to require, that the whole of the Regent's Park should be as open and as free to them as Hyde Park."

*Animal Chemistry.*—Liebig has just proved the identity of fibrin and albumen: by dissolving fibrin by a moderate heat, in a saturated solution of nitre, he has found the fluid to possess all the properties of solution of albumen.—*Provincial Medical and Surgical Journal*.

*Servants.*—There are upwards of 107,000 female servants in London, and the immediate neighbourhood, of which number from 12,000 to 15,000 are supposed to be always out of place or changing places.—*Statement of the Female Servants' Home Society*.

*London.*—Dr. Arnott states the most healthy part of London to be the north-west; the inhabitants having the most pure air, from the prevailing winds being south-west and north-east, which winds do not blow over London to them; on the elevated grounds in Marylebone parish, the air is as pure as at Hampstead.

*A New Church* at Goudhurst has just been consecrated. During a portion of the ceremony, a plate was carried round by the Viscountess Beresford, to receive the alms of those who were willing to contribute towards the erection of the church. The Viscountess' youngest son has presented a magnificent stone altar, and is about to present painted glass for every window, which is now being prepared at Munich. The organ is the gift of Lady Beresford, and the silver-gilt communion plate has been presented by Marshal Beresford. The above-named munificent individuals also endow the church with 80*l.* per annum.

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